

Over four decades ago, Yoshihiro Tatsumi expanded the horizons of comics storytelling by using the visual language of *manga* to tell gritty, literary short stories about the private lives of everyday people. He has been called "the grandfather of Japanese alternative comics" and has influenced generations of cartoonists, but, until now, the majority of his work has remained unavailable outside of Japan. *Good-Bye* is an unblinking examination of the aftershocks of war, and, fittingly, among the most searing, outrageous, and humane work from this modern master.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY FREDERIK L. SCHODT
(author of *MANGA! MANGA! THE WORLD OF JAPANESE COMICS*)

"Remarkable, amazing...prepare to be disturbed and blown away."

— *The Los Angeles Times Book Review*

"Manga as nihilist social commentary...A revealing time capsule and a strangely moving portrait of survival in a land where everything is changing."

— *Time Magazine*

"These tales are unlike anything published in the U.S. before or since, and it's gratifying that America is now catching up with Tatsumi's genius." — *Booklist*

GRAPHIC NOVELS / FICTION

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DRAWN & QUARTERLY PUBLICATIONS



よしひろ 達磨

YOSHIHIRO
TATSUMI

1971-1972

GOOD-BYE

D&Q

YOSHIHIRO TATSUMI
GOOD-BYE



Scanner, Editor: Dille
www.illuminati-manga.com
illuminati-manga@irc.inchhighway.net

Its Read Left to Right
If you liked it, buy it!

ロケツト

GOOD-BYE

INTRODUCTION

I have to confess. When I first agreed to write this introduction, I didn't know as much as I should have about Yoshihiro Tatsumi.

There is a reason for this, and it is important to be honest about it. I'm influenced by the current, highly commercialized world of *manga* in Japan, and it is cruel to many veteran artists. In truth, save for some connoisseurs, few *manga* readers in Japan today have probably heard of Tatsumi; as of New Year's Day, 2008, while there was an entry for Tatsumi on the English-language Wikipedia website, on the Japanese Wikipedia there was still none. To read Tatsumi's older work today is therefore to be reminded of how relentlessly obsessed readers are with something "new," how styles and pacing have changed, and how the whole world of male *manga* has been transformed by *shojo* and women's *manga*, a genre that barely existed when Tatsumi began drawing.

Many Japanese people today probably find Tatsumi's work, with its focus on the underbelly of Japanese society, to be overly *kurai*, or "dark" and "pessimistic." And yet, if they would read his work carefully they would find something often lacking in today's slick stories, something they need to know about. Tatsumi was a pioneer in the development of the *manga* medium (and especially *gekiga*) and he should be read for that reason

alone. But he is also a master of the short story format, in an era when long-form, serious *manga* are dominant. And he has a rare gift, shared by legendary *manga* artists such as Osamu Tezuka and Yoshiharu Tsuge, among others: he is absolutely original, and he is absolutely fearless in his willingness to examine what it means to be human.

The stories in this third volume of Tatsumi's work are collected from short pieces executed at the beginning of the 1970s. Not all the stories are

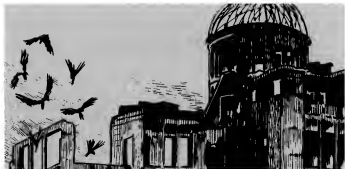
set in that period, however, as the title work, "Good-Bye," presumably takes place during the U.S. occupation of Japan (1945–1952), when black markets still flourished and many women (derisively called "pan-pan") were forced to depend on American G.I.s. But all of the stories do share a loose timeframe, of what Japanese people might

call the *sengo*, or "postwar" era, when Japan was still struggling to find a new way after the defeat of World War II. It had not yet become the prosperous manufacturing and technological giant (and provider of *manga*, *anime*, and "j-pop") that we know today.

To me, many of the physical settings are very real, and very nostalgic. I first went to Japan in 1965, and lived in Tokyo off and on during the period in which many of the stories are set. By



Tasuburi Shrine, Tokyo



Hiroshima Peace Memorial (also known as the Atomic Bomb Dome), Hiroshima

then, one would never have guessed that Tokyo had been largely razed to the ground in the firebombing of World War II, for the city was in the midst of a building boom. The entire nation had entered a period of double-digit economic growth, and yet, compared to today there was still a cheap, impoverished, and (especially in the winter) gloomy look to much of the city. Most houses were still made of wood and plaster, and often a bit shoddy. If I may generalize, the working class, in particular, was even more over-worked and socially exploited than it is today, and the media glorified submersion of the self in the group for the sake of a higher GNP, or gross national product. For many students, workers, and low-income families in Japan's cities of this era, the walls of apartments were thin, toilets were shared (and

non-flush), and bathing was done only at the *sento*, or public baths. Tatsami has got this mood down, even to the creaking sounds of the wooden stairways and sliding *fusuma* doors.

Even the music was different then. Today in

Japan's cities, if there is an urban backbeat, it's likely to be rock or rap or techno-pop, with ads relentlessly encouraging everyone to smile. Then, nearly every bar and noodle shop played Japanese ballads written with three minor chords, almost always with a saxophone accompaniment. Few adults read manga. University campuses—and city streets, too—were often convulsed with riots, as baby



Eisaku Sato, Prime Minister of Japan, 1964–1972

boomers rejected the values of their parents and—taking quite literally the pacifist ideology bequeathed them by the United States at the end of World War II—opposed their government's



Tsutenkaku Tower, Osaka

acquiescence and complicity in the U.S. invasion of Vietnam. It was a time when everything was open to question, and it was also a time—far more so than today—when many artists were inclined to take a serious look at society's problems.

For non-Japanese readers (and even many Japanese), the world Tatsumi depicts may seem quite alien. The social contracts that bind characters together are different. Even the visual sym-

bols may be unfamiliar. Mushrooms are a stock *manga* symbol with erotic overtones. The Atomic Bomb Dome and the Memorial Cenotaph in Hiroshima evoke powerful historical memories in Japanese readers, as (to a far lesser extent) do references to Eisaku Sato, the prime minister from 1964–1972. Similarly, the Tsutenkaku Tower in the Shinsekai zone of Osaka immediately conjures up a mood of poverty, petty crime, and homelessness. But even non-Japanese readers may recognize the references to Tokyo's Yasukuni Shrine, where many of Japan's war dead are interred, for the same shrine is now the focus of complaints from China and Korea, where it is feared that Yasukuni also enshrines old-style nationalism and militarism.

And no matter what nationality, most readers will probably be able to relate to the emotions Tatsumi depicts. We may not like them, for some of them are ugly, and some of them are straight out of the collective human id. But we will probably recognize them, and we can probably learn from them. The collective nature of these emotions is also amplified by a limited set of character designs, for when similar faces appear on different characters over and over again, we soon realize that Tatsumi is not depicting specific individuals so much as an existential Everyman or Everywoman.

With *Drawn* and *Quarterly's* publication of this third volume of Yoshihiro Tatsumi's work, masterfully translated by Yuji Onuki, more and more English-language readers will be better able to appreciate Tatsumi's remarkable talents. I know I have. And I hope that more *manga* readers in Japan will, too.

FREDERIK L. SCHODT
San Francisco, California
January 2008

FREDERIK L. SCHODT has written extensively on the subject of Japanese cartooning. His books include *Manga! Manga! The World of Japanese Comics*, *Dreamland Japan*, and *The Astro Boy Ebury*. As a translator, he has worked on English-language editions of titles such as *Barfoot Gen*, *Astro Boy*, *Phoenix*, *Ghost in the Shell*, and *The Four Immigrants Manga*.



YOSHIHIRO TATSUMI

GOOD-BYE

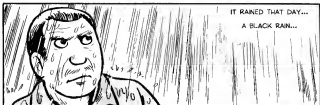
DRAWN & QUARTERLY PUBLICATIONS

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IT RAINED THAT DAY...
A BLACK RAIN...



26 YEARS AGO...
EVER SINCE THEN IT
HASN'T STOPPED
RAINING INSIDE OF
ME.



8:00 AM,
AUGUST 6, 1945

THE SINGLE ATOM BOMB
TORE THROUGH THE SKY
OVER HIROSHIMA, TURNING
THE CITY INTO HELL IN THE
BLINK OF AN EYE.



PEOPLE WERE RESTING
INSIDE A BURNED OUT
TRAM.



WHEN I GOT
CLOSER,
THOUGH, I
DISCOVERED
THEY WERE
ACTUALLY
CHARRED
CORPSES.



THE BOMB'S
DEADLY FLASH
HAD ETCHED
SOMEONE'S
SHADOW INTO
THE STAIRS OF
SUMITOMO BANK.



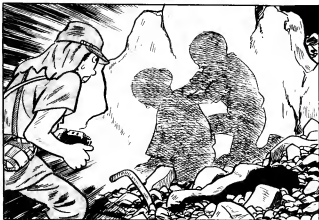
GHOSTLY
SILHOETTES
REMAINED
ON THE
STAIRCASE
SHADOW.



KLIK



I TOOK AS
MANY PHOTOS
AS I COULD.









SIGN: SANYO DAILY NEWS





NEWS: SON RUBBING MOTHER'S BACK / FIGURES OF THE YAMADAS BURNED INTO THE WALL

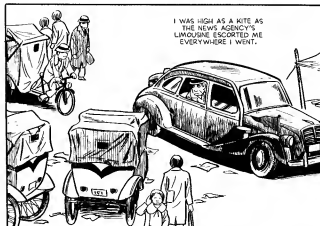


NEWS: IDENTITY OF CARING SON / MADO YAMADA / KIYOSHI YAMADA / REPORTERS TRACK DOWN PHOTOS FROM RELATIVES!



NEWS CAPTIONS: FILM ANNOUNCED! / POETRY DEDICATED TO THE CARING SON!





STONE: REST IN PEACE. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THIS TO HAPPEN AGAIN.







I'VE BEEN IN
THE PAPERS,
AFTER ALL.













SIGN: EXAM ROOM









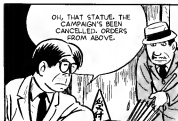




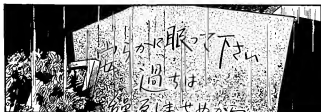
NEWSPAPER: MAICHO NEWS / UNIDENTIFIED CORPSE FOUND IN THE MOTOSAYU RIVER



SIGN: MAICHO STAFF ENTRANCE







STONE! REST IN PEACE. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THIS TO HAPPEN AGAIN.



JUST A MAN





THE BUMPER-
TO-BUMPER
BUSES MOVED
SLUGGISHLY IN
THE CONGESTED
TRAFFIC.



BEEP
BEEP
BEEP
BEEP

THE HONKING OF
CAR HORNS
WAS CEASELESS
AND SPASTIC.
TOKYO WAS
LIKE A DECREPIT
OLD MAN.



HE WAS IN NO
POSITION TO
COMPLAIN.



IN A MONTH HE
WOULD BE OFFICIALLY
"RETIRED" FROM
SOCIETY.



"RETIREMENT"
SOUNDED MORE
LIKE A DEATH
KNELL. HIS
RETIREMENT
PACKAGE A
FUNERAL
OFFERING.

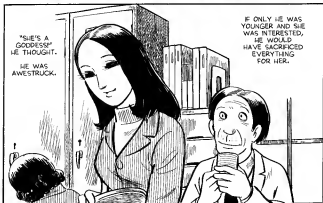


THE THOUGHT
OF SPENDING
THE REST OF
HIS DAYS WITH
HIS WIFE WAS
UNBEARABLE.



SIGN MANAGER







THE FLOOD OF EMOTIONS WAS OVERWHELMING FOR THE AGING MAN. HE DECIDED TO TAKE A BREAK FROM WORK.

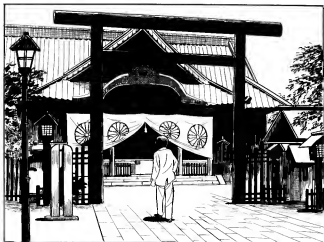


SIGN: BANK





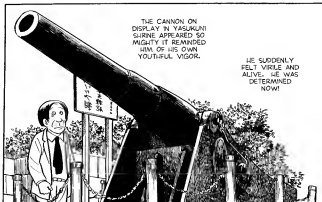




ALL YASUKUNI
SHRINE.
MY FALLEN
COMRADES...
AT LEAST YOU
DIED FOR A
PURPOSE.

LOOK AT ME,
THE COMPANY
SPITS ME OUT...
I CAN'T TRUST
MY WIFE...
I'M A
WALKING
CORPSE.





THE CANNON ON
DISPLAY IN YASUKUNI
SHRINE APPEARED SO
MIGHTY IT REMINDED
HIM OF HIS OWN
YOUTHFUL VIGOR.

HE SUDDENLY
FELT VIRILE AND
ALIVE. HE WAS
DETERMINED
NOW!



I'M
A
MAN!

I'LL CHEAT ON
MY WIFE AND
BLOW MY
SAVINGS.



I'LL SPEND
THIS
¥300,000
ON WOMEN.



HE WOULD
BETRAY HIS WIFE
BY COMMITTING
ADULTERY FOR
THE FIRST TIME.

HE BELIEVED
THAT HE COULD
ENDURE THE HELL
OF RETIREMENT
IN THE COMPANY
OF HIS WIFE IF HE
ALLOWED HIM-
SELF THIS ONE
BETRAYAL.





CARD: LOOKING FOR A DATE? CALL ME.

CARD: SPEND THE DAY WITH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL

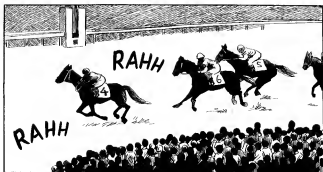


CARD: DATE GIRL BOTTOM: 5007 MIKA









HE TRIED
GAMBLING ON
HORSES,
SOMETHING
HE'D NEVER
DONE BEFORE.



BEFORE HE
KNEW IT, HIS
ENTIRE SAVINGS
WAS GONE.



HE TOOK OUT A
LOAN AGAINST
HIS RETIREMENT
PACKAGE AND
GAMBLLED MORE.

IT
DIDN'T
REALLY
THRILL
HIM.
STILL...



... IT
WAS
ANOTHER
WAY
TO
BETRAY
HIS
WIFE.





SIGNI MANAGER







THE GODDESS HE
WORSHIPPED WAS
IN HIS ARMS AT
LAST.

HIS HEART WAS
POUNDING, BUT
THERE WAS
ONE THING
MISSING.



THIS
CAN'T
BE HAP-
PENING.

HE
PANICKED.



THEY BOTH WEPT.
THE AFFAIR DID
NOTHING TO EASE
THE PAIN...



WHAT'S
WRONG,
SIR?





THE CANNON AIMED
UPWARDS INTO THE
DARKNESS.



SUDDENLY, HE
JUMPED ON
TOP OF IT AND
TOOK A LONG
PISS.



WE'RE BOTH
IMPOTENT
NOW.

YOU
WORTHLESS
OLD RELIC.

SKY BURIAL



THE TIBETANS WHO PRACTICE
THE BON RELIGION STILL
PERFORM SKY FUNERALS IN
THE HIMALAYAN MOUNTAINS.



THEY CARRY THE CORPSE
UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS
AND THEN DISMEMBER IT.













NOGAWA,
WAIT.



SIGN+ RESTAURANT



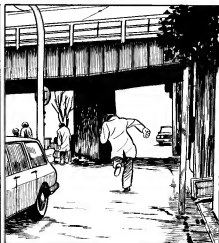
THERE IT
IS AGAIN.

THAT STRANGE
BIRD'S BEEN
FOLLOWING
ME AROUND
ALL DAY.



HE- HEY...

WHAT'S
WRONG
WITH HIM?



SIGN: ADULTS





SIGN! DRIVE SLOWLY







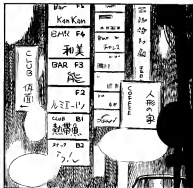




SIGN: SHINJUKU POLICE DEPARTMENT









THEY ALL HAD
SOMEWHERE TO GO...

EVERYONE MOVED
OUT OF HERE...

EVERYONE BUT ME.

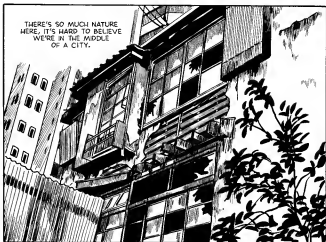


PIGEONS BEGAN
BUILDING NESTS
ON THE
ABANDONED
BUILDING.



STRAY DOGS
LIVED
HERE TOO.







RASH







I MUST HAVE
TOUCHED SOME
POISON OAK.

THAT
MUST
BE IT.



OR IS IT JUST A RASH?

IN ANY CASE, IT'S
NEVER HAPPENED TO
ME BEFORE.



















AM I BREAKING
OUT AGAIN?

NO... I'M FINE.

NO, I FEEL IT COMING BACK.

MY BODY'S
HEATING UP...

SO IT'S
COMING.

HERE IT COMES...!

IT'S PRETTY BAD
TODAY.





I DISCOVERED SOMETHING
VERY ODD.

THE RASH HAS DISAPPEARED
FROM EVERY PART OF
MY BODY THAT I IMMERSSED
IN THE WATER.



MAYBE I CAN
CONTROL
THIS RASH...









THE MAPLE LEAVES
WERE STARTING TO
TURN RED WHEN...



I FINALLY DID IT!
WHAT DISCIPLINE
IT TOOK!



I WAS ABLE TO
CONTROL MY RASH...
MAKE IT COME AND
GO ANYWHERE
ON MY BODY.

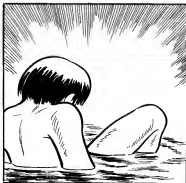


NOW FOR MY FINAL WISH.



I HAD TO CONTROL
THE RASH ON
MY MANHOOD.









WOMAN IN THE MIRROR



I WAS ON A BUSINESS
TRIP AND DECIDED
TO VISIT MY HOME-
TOWN... THE FIRST
TIME IN TEN YEARS.



THE TOWN
LOOKED THE
SAME, BUT THE
PEOPLE HAD
CHANGED...

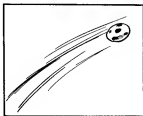


WHILE WAITING
FOR MY BUS
BACK TO TOKYO,
I JUST COULDN'T
FORGET...



... THAT CHILDHOOD
INCIDENT INVOLVING
THE WOMAN IN THE
MIRROR...

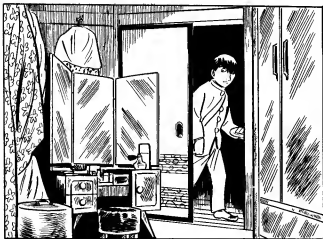
BUS STOP: TONAN BUS / YASAKA-CHO



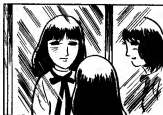










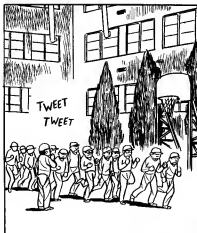














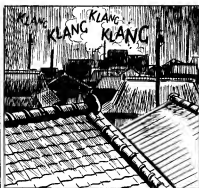
SIGN: DRY GOODS













KEUCHI'S MOTHER
WAS SMOKING IN
BED. THAT'S
WHAT CAUSED
THE FIRE.



SHE SUFFERED
HEAVY BURNS AND
DIED SHORTLY
AFTER BEING
HOSPITALIZED.



I COULD SEE
THE SHATTERED
TRIPLE MIRROR
IN THE PILE OF
REMAINS...



DID HE CRACK IT?
OR WAS IT
BROKEN SOMEHOW
AS THEY CARRIED
IT OUT? I
COULDN'T TELL.

AFTER ALL
THOSE YEARS,
THAT CRACKED
MIRROR WAS
BURNED INTO MY
MEMORY.



SIGN: DRY GOODS



WHY DID HE
DRESS UP LIKE
A WOMAN?



HERE'S WHAT I THINK NOW:
THE WOMEN IN HIS FAMILY
MADE HIM FEEL LIKE HE HAD
TO BE A MAN, AND IT WAS
TOO MUCH FOR HIM...



HE TRIED TO ESCAPE
BY SHEDDING HIS
MANHOOD. THAT
WAS HIS ONLY WAY
OUT.



NIGHT
FALLS
AGAIN











SIGN: TENNOJI PARK









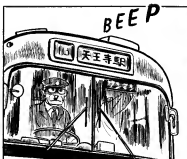
BANNER: HOW ABOUT SOME HOT LOVE ON THE YORON ISLANDS? BIG TRAVEL AGENCY



BANNER: HOT LOVE







DISPLAY: TENNOJI STATION



SIGN: NO PARKING

SIGN: TENNOJI PARK







FLYER: WORK HARD



SIGN: RESTAURANT







SIGN: PEEP SHOW

SIGN: WOW! / BED SHOW / WET WOMEN IN TEARS



**LIFE IS
SO SAD**









SIGN: BAR CHANEL







YOU LOOK GOOD.

WELL... I'M GETTING BY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME.



HAI... "GETTING BY"? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! DON'T LOOK SO INNOCENT!

WHO KNOWS WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO.



A BAR HOSTESS...

YOU'RE CUTE, SO I BET YOU'RE POPULAR... HEH HEH!



WELL, COME ON! OUT WITH IT!

IT'S BEEN THREE YEARS. HOW MANY MEN HAVE YOU SCREWED WHILE I'VE BEEN LOOKED UP?



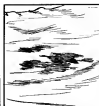


SIGN: PENITENTIARY



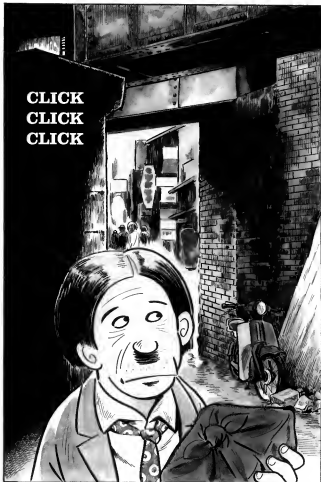








**CLICK
CLICK
CLICK**

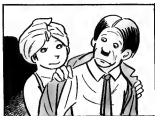
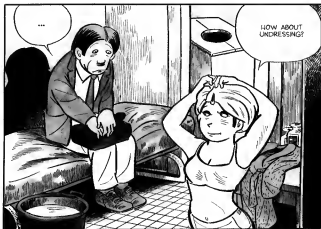




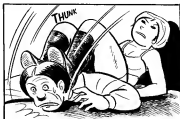
SIGN: SOAPLAND









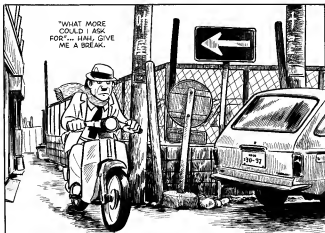






SIGN: FOSTER INSTITUTION / SUN SCHOOL











SIGN: CERTIFICATE OF HONOR



SIGN: TOKYO SOCIAL WELFARE BUREAU



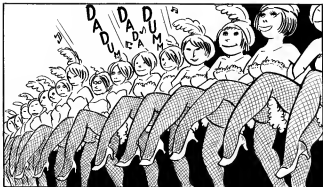


SIGN: SOAP LAND



A
MEANINGFUL
DEATH!





SIGN: ENTRANCE



CONTAINER: GASOLINE











FRAME BELOW: CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

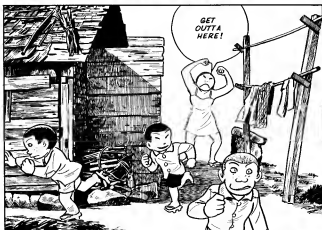


GOOD-BYE













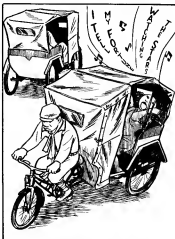




SIGN: CHEAP DRINKS







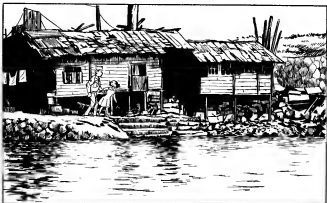












Q & A with YOSHIHIRO TATSUMI

This written interview was conducted by series editor Adrian Tomine in December 2007 with the invaluable assistance of Mitsuhiko Asakawa, Beatrice Marechal, and Taji Oniki.

ADRIAN TOMINE: *This book collects stories that you produced between the years 1971 and 1973. What was your life like at that time?*

YOSHIHIRO TATSUMI: My fifteen-year stint in rental comics¹ was coming to an end, and I was finally starting to get my work published in magazines. In Japan, we have the saying, "The ship arrives for every journey." It means that good fortune comes when you're in trouble or in a rut. The transition from rental comics to monthly magazines was smooth for me. What really surprised me, though, was the money: magazines paid over ten times what I got in the rental publishing. But the bank managed my income, so I only received a monthly stipend. You see, in the '60s, I published rental comics which sold very poorly, and I ended up owing the bank a lot of money. So in spite of being published in magazines, I was just as poor as I was back then.

AT: *Could you please describe your work environment and the various art supplies you use? (This can pertain to both the time at which the stories in this book were drawn, and the present, if there are differences.)*

YT: I didn't have any assistants for these stories, so I had to do everything from drawing the panel lines to filling in the black backgrounds myself.

Some of them took two days, while others took over a month. The type of paper didn't really matter. I used various kinds of paper. The original art was done on B5 paper (approximately 7" x 10"), smaller than the usual size for manga artists. I used a very firm Stein pen, and carbon ink that's used for Japanese calligraphy. Presently, in addition to drawing manga, I also publish a catalogue of second-hand manga as a hobby. So now piles of used manga crowd out my working desk.

AT: *I'm curious about the fate of the original artwork for these stories. Was it always returned to you, or did the publishers retain it? And if it was returned to you, have you held onto the thousands of pages you've drawn over the years?*

YT: The original art I did in rental publishing was never returned to me. Reprinting was inconceivable back then, not only to publishers, but artists as well, so the fact that our art wasn't returned was hardly surprising. A lot of original art for rental comics was just tossed out. So to answer your question, I don't have a single sheet of the original art I did when I worked in rental publishing. Even after my work was published in magazines, I didn't value my original art much. Getting my artwork back didn't seem very important to

¹Rental comics were produced exclusively for manga lending shops, which operated similarly to today's video rental stores: the customer borrowed comics in exchange for a small fee. This industry enjoyed its greatest popularity in the 1950s and '60s, and was significant in the development of "alternative" comics in Japan.

me, so I lost over two-thirds of the material. That's how unreliable publishers were. I still have approximately 6,000 pages of artwork, though.

AT: *I believe that at least some of these stories were originally published in Garo. Can you explain a little bit about what Garo was, and what its impact was on Japanese comics?*

YT: The manga artist Sanpei Shirato founded the monthly magazine *Garo* in 1964 in order to publish his historical epic *Kamui Den* (*The Legend of Kamui*). He put up the money and Katsuichi Nagai became the publisher. After the serialization of *Kamui Den* was completed, Nagai turned the magazine into an outlet for promising, ambitious manga artists. The print runs were low so the pay was the same as it was in rental comics, but artists admired it as "Sanpei Shirato's magazine" and wrote some really wonderful works. Many artists, including Yu Takida, Yoshiharu Tsuge, Shigeru Mizuki, Shinichi Abe, and Seichi Hayashi, really blossomed as contributors to *Garo*.

AT: *Please correct me if I'm wrong, but I get the impression that your work prior to 1971 was not explicitly political, focusing more on the details of daily life, and with the stories in this book, we see something of a change in direction. Was it a conscious choice on your part to address topics like the war and America's nuclear attacks on Japan more directly? And if so, what prompted this shift?*

YT: I was still heavily influenced by the rental comics style until around 1970. As my work appeared in magazines, I started to tackle social themes. I don't know if it was because of my extensive work in rental publishing, but the magazine editors gave me complete creative freedom. It was the Nixon era, the Vietnam War was turning into a mess, and as the U.S., France, and the Soviet Union competed to launch satellites into space, the future seemed very ominous. Nuclear war seemed inevitable since the Kennedy era. But everyone in Japan was so taken with the rapid

economic growth, greeting it as if they were part of some new era. As an alienated manga artist working away in a cramped room, I couldn't help but feel disconsolate. I'm sure this feeling permeates my work from this period.

AT: *In the story "Hell," your rendering of Prime Minister Sato seems to suggest that at least some of this story is grounded in factual events. Is the central image of the story (the silhouetted figures) and the emotionally-charged response to it based on real events? Or more broadly, can you talk a little bit about how you came to write this story?*

YT: "Hell" was published in the Japanese edition of *Playboy*. As I said, I was given creative freedom so I chose the topic of Hiroshima; it was something I'd wanted to tackle. I came up with the idea when I came across a famous photo of a shadow burnt into the wall from the radiation heat of the nuclear bomb. The "No More Hiroshima" anti-nuclear protests were very prominent back then. The problem was that most of them only revolved around publicizing gruesome photos of the burn victims with their skin peeling off or charred water bottles. I wanted to create an "anti-nuclear" manga that worked as a story. But most of the readers of *Playboy* were primarily interested in the young nude women, so they didn't really respond to it. When "Hell" was published in France, I brought the story with me when I met with an anti-nuclear organization. I was looking for a particular post-bombing photo of Hiroshima, but the woman I met with found the story so offensive she refused to lend me the photo, insisting no one would have murdered a parent in the aftermath of Hiroshima. I ended up purchasing the photo through the Associated Press or United Press International.

AT: *I think "Good-Bye" might be one of your most clearly political stories, at least in terms of depicting the thoughts and attitudes of a variety of people in the aftermath of the war. For the first time (that I'm aware of),*

you seem to make an explicit correlation between current events and the characters' behavior. You've also mentioned this story in one of our previous conversations when the subject of autobiography came up. Can you talk about how you arrived at this story?

YT: "Good-Bye" was a short story published in a major magazine called *Big Comic*. I grew up in Osaka near a military air base called Itami Airfield. American B-29 bomber planes attacked the area relentlessly every night during the war, and many civilians were killed. I was in the fourth grade when the war ended. I'll never forget how the bombings suddenly came to a halt. The clear blue sky and the ruins shining under the blinding sun. It was so quiet you could only hear the cicadas chirping away. The soldiers from the American occupation came to our town immediately thereafter. During the war, the government had brainwashed us into believing American soldiers were demons, but when they showed up, we thought the "enemy" soldiers were very dashing and kind. That's how they first appeared to me as a fourth grader. But once I saw how these gentlemanly soldiers hugged and kissed young Japanese women in public, I was shocked and disappointed. How could they be so casual and coarse with women? I was also very upset at the way Japanese adults pretended to be blind to all of this. Before or after school, my friends and I often saw American soldiers having intercourse with Japanese women in the bushes. I'm sure these experiences affected the way I wrote "Good-Bye." In "Good-Bye," the kid who humps into Mary's father on page four is me. I think that if I had ended up being a writer, I still would have written a story like "Good-Bye." The story didn't really get much response. My editor told me he really liked it when we met at a bar.

AT: *What kind of reaction did you receive to the stories in this book, particularly "Hell" and "Good-Bye"? Has the reaction changed over time, as the stories have been re-printed and translated into other languages?*

YT: As I stated, I didn't get much feedback regarding those stories. A French translation appeared in 1983, twelve years after their original publication. That was the first time I felt I got any kind of response. A young producer from Hollywood actually flew over to Japan to purchase the rights to "Hell." The concept of the Hiroshima shadow still had currency in literature, but "Hell" has yet to be made into a film.

AT: *In the summer of 2006, you traveled to America in conjunction with the publication of *Abandon The Old* in Tokyo. Can you talk a bit about that experience?*

YT: I visited with my wife. Those six days in Los Angeles and San Diego were unforgettably wonderful for both of us. I couldn't believe how popular the convention was. I was so fortunate to receive such a warm welcome from D&Q publisher Peggy Burns and the rest of the staff. What a hectic schedule though! Television and press interviews, not to mention talk shows. Each interviewer had ten minutes. Sometimes the camera staff would barely get around measuring the light and it would be over. I really enjoyed the book signing I did with Adrian at the D&Q booth. I was worried that this book, which was Adrian's project, would sell poorly. So I'm relieved the first printing sold out. I couldn't imagine a more wonderful first visit to America.

AT: *The next work of yours that *Drawn & Quarterly* intends to publish is *A Drifting Life*. Can you please describe this book?*

YT: *A Drifting Life* is an 820-page autobiographical work set during the tumultuous postwar period in Japan. An untalented boy discovers and pursues the art of *manga*. Amidst the onslaught of American culture flooding the nation after the war, he gets involved in the world of "rental publishing," and develops as an artist. It's also an exploration of the *manga* genre called *gekiga*, and its development beginning in 1958. I hope that the story will reach a wide audience.



Yoshihiko Tatsumi, circa 1972

